Prince. How ſhall we part with them in ſetting forth?

Po. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleaſure to fail, & then will they venture upon the exploit themſelves, which they ſhall have no ſooner atchieved, but weele ſet upon them.

Prin. Yea, but tis like that they will know us by our horſes, by our habits, & by every other appointment, to be our ſelves.

Po. Tut, our horſes they ſhall not ſee, Ile tie them in the wood, our vizards we will change, after we leave them: and ſirra, I have caſes of buckorum for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Po. Well, for two of them I know to be as true bred cowards as ever turned back: and for the third, if he fight longer then he ſees reaſon, Ile forſwear arms. The vertue of this jeſt will be, the incomprehenſible lies that this fat rogue will tell us when we meet at ſupper, how thirty at leaſt he fought with, what wards, what blows, what extremities he indured, and in the reproof of theſe lies the jeſt.

Prin. Well, Ile go with thee, provide us all things neceſſary, and meet me to morrow night in Eaſtcheap, there Ile ſup: farewell.

Poy. Farewell my Lord. *Exit Poynes.*

Prin. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok't humour of your idleneſſe:
Yet herein will I imitate the ſunne,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds
To ſmother up his beauty from the world,
That when he pleaſe again to be himſelf,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at
By breaking through the foul and ugly miſts
Of vapours that did ſeem to ſtrangle him.
If all the yeer were playing holy dayes,
To ſport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they ſeldome come, they wiſht for, come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents:
So when this looſe behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promiſed,

By how much better then my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſifie mens hopes,
And like bright metall on a ſullen ground,
My reformation glittering o're my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no ſoyl to ſet it off.
Ile ſo offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men think leaſt I will. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hotſpur, Sir Walter Blunt, with others.

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to ſtirre at theſe indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but be ſure
I will from henceforth rather be my ſelf,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition
Which hath been ſmooth as oyl, ſoft as yong down,
And therefore loſt that title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoul ne're payes but to the proud.

Wor. Our houſe (my Soveraigne Liege) little deſerves
The ſcourge of greatneſſe to be uſed on it,
And that ſame greatneſſe too, which our own hands
Have hope to make ſo portly. *Nor.* My Lord.

King. Worceſter, get thee gone, for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye:
O ſir, your preſence is too bold and peremptory,
And majeſty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a ſervants brow,
You have good leave to leave us: when we need
Your uſe and counſell, we ſhall ſend for you. *Exit Wor.*
You were about to ſpeak.

Nor. Yea my good Lord.
Thoſe priſoners in your highneſſe name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmſdon* took,
Were, as he ſayes, not with ſuch ſtrength denide,
As he delivered to your Majeſty.
Either envy therefore, or miſpriſion
Is guilty of this fault, and not my ſonne.